

ACT I SCENE 1

SETTING: A spot light falls on RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR. as he unpacks his lunch at the picnic table. He sits for a moment looking out over the audience before he eats. DAN enters into the spot light.

DAN

Violently grabs RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR. from behind and turns him around to face him and then slugs him hard. RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR. falls and struggles to get up. DAN slugs him again.

Henderson stops me down at the dock. He says there was money stolen last Tuesday after they sold the catch of crabs. He wants to know where I was last Tuesday at lunch time...

RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR.

I told him you were still out on your boat.

DAN

I know you did! But I wasn't. Why'd you tell him that?

RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR.

You didn't steal it, did you?

DAN

No, I didn't steal nothing!

RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR.

I told Henderson that you weren't around when it went missing.

DAN

Stay out of my life Middleman!

RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR.

Where were you when they sold the catch.

DAN

I came in early.

RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR.

Anybody see you come in?

DAN

I don't know who saw me. I don't care.

RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR.

You better care. Henderson is looking for you all the time.

DAN

You didn't see me. Why'd you say you did?

RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR.

He was looking to blame you. You know he's got people saying you were there. You need an alibi.

DAN

You weren't there when I came in. If they find out you are lying, you telling a lie to protect me, won't do me no good.

RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR.

We were friends once.

DAN

We were never friends.

RICHARD MIDDLEMAN, SR.

We both work the Bay, Dan.

DAN starts to throw another punch.
At the last second DAN pulls the
punch and exits.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT I SCENE 2

THE HEADLIGHTS OF THE CAR FLASH ON
AND BEAM OVER THE AUDIENCE.

RICHARD, behind the wheel, is
driving fast, with BELLE banging on
him from the backseat and screaming
at him at the top of her voice.
The car radio is very loud.

BELLE

(Reaching again and again
over the front seat as she
keeps trying to turn the
radio down.)

I am asking you ... I am asking you ...I am begging
you...turn the radio down! And slow down.

RICHARD bats her back into the back
seat.

RICHARD

And that's another thing I play my music as loud as I want
whenever I want!...

(he lowers volume)

...But because I love you, I'll turn the radio down.

BELLE

And-slow-down!

RICHARD

...Because I love you. I will slow down.

BELLE

(leans over front seat)

Thank God... And can I come back up to the front seat yet?
Pleeease?

RICHARD

No.

BELLE

You already told me you loved my cooking about a million
times and I told you I wouldn't work no more and I told you,
you would get laid regular and I don't want no other
conditions... and I wanna get back in the goddamn front seat!

RICHARD

No.

BELLE

No? No, what? No, there's gonna be more conditions? Or no, I
can't get back in the front seat? For Christ sake Jesus!

RICHARD

Just no! No, Belle. No!

BELLE

Well, ain't you the goddamn cat's ass! Well okay, ...I'll
just have to have some of my own fun back here.

She pouts for a moment, then lifts herself up to sit on top of the back seat and begins enjoying the rushing wind.

BELLE (CONT'D)

...I'm having fun now...Goddamn it! I'm having fun now!

BELLE lets her hands catch the wind.

BELLE (CONT'D)

AAAAAH - Weeeoo!

She spits in the wind to the left, dodges its return. Spits again to the right but fails to dodge it and disgusted she brushes spit off of her shoulder.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Alright, tell me about the goddamn state of Maryland. I don't want to hear about goddamn where you been. I don't want to hear about Nicaragua or wherever it was and I don't want to hear about the damn Wyoming ranch no more. I want to know where the hell I'm going.

RICHARD

(beat)

Maryland is great.

BELLE

That's not what I heard. I heard it was the pits... Can I get back in the front seat yet?

RICHARD

No! You are staying in the backseat until you...

BELLE

For the rest of my life? Hey, I can make the best of this.

Mock aristocracy waving from the top of the back seat

Drive on, Richard! Take me to a restaurant, Richard! Don't be late, you asshole! Everybody in Maryland is going to think you're my driver, not my husband. If we get married!

RICHARD

You are not never going to find a guy as good as me and you know it. Get down or I'll roll the car. You wanna see me?

He jerks the steering wheel left
then right. She weaves dangerously.

BELLE

I said I would marry you but I swear to God the way you were
back in Reno I was the first woman you'd ever been with,
shaking all over and all.

RICHARD

That's a goddamn lie. I had women in South America. I had
women all the time when I was working on that ranch and two
nights before I met you in Reno I had four girls in the back
seat of this car and I still got more money than God!

He waves a fist full of money in
her face.

BELLE

(laughs)

Hey, keep your eyes on the road or you'll be humping your
horn forever, honey. For Christ sake, Jesus!

RICHARD

(turns focus back to road)

I'm telling you that's the bullshit that got you into the
backseat to begin with! Keep it up!

BELLE

So why the hell did you want me so bad? ...just call it
women's intuition. The only thing that saved me was them old
mattress springs. You must be part kangaroo.

RICHARD

(explodes)

Goddamn it! You're in the backseat forever and ever. I
swear it!

BELLE suddenly points.

BELLE

Richard, look! Watch out! Watch out!

RICHARD quickly veers left. There
is a LOUD THUD. Belle looks back.

RICHARD

Christ, did I hit it? What was it?

BELLE

I don't know. I swear it brushed the car. Pull over.

RICHARD pulls over and stops.

RICHARD

What was it?

BELLE

Geez. He is weird looking! He was kneeling, like praying in the road. He did a swan dive into the ditch... Hey, he's getting up.

RICHARD

You think I hit him?

BELLE

He's starting to run toward us! Are you gonna pick him up?

RICHARD

Well if I do, he's gonna sit in the front seat. You gonna apologize? You better decide quick.

BELLE

No, I'm not gonna apologize. What have I got to apologize about, you prick.

RICHARD

Everything!

BELLE

No! Go ahead pick him up. You wanna pick up some hobo hitchhiker go ahead and do it.

RICHARD

Apologize or I pick him up.

BELLE

Maybe I won't.

RICHARD

Goddamned women!

BELLE

My goddamned women's intuition tells me that you don't know nothing about goddamned women and all that stuff you told me weren't exactly true, that's what I think.

ONAJE runs toward the car. He throws the duffle bag into the back next to BELLE, acknowledging neither of them.

He gets into the passenger seat.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Holy shit...

RICHARD does a double-take, looks at Belle, then turns to ONAJE.

RICHARD

You okay? Do you need...

ONAJE

Go. Go. Go!

ONAJE urgently motions to go forward. RICHARD pulls back onto the road. ONAJE stands up in the passenger seat, gripping the windshield for support. He inhales deeply, then pulls the sextant out of his bag.

RICHARD

What? Hey, what the...

ONAJE

(aims sextant)

Ninety degrees off the North Star. Let's go. Speed man! Speed! Let's go!

He sits on top of the passenger seat and sits there throughout the scene.

ONAJE (CONT'D)

Let's go! AAAAAAAAh..... I am Onaje!

(Lowers the sextant.)

Faster! Faster! Faster!

RICHARD

Hey check this out! But no you won't apologize.

ONAJE

Faster! Speed! Speed man! Faster!

RICHARD

(looks back at BELLE)

You hear that? Faster?

(to ONAJE)

Wanna hear some loud radio?...

ONAJE

Yeah!

RICHARD

What the hell ya doin'?

ONAJE

Recharging... I stayed in that place for too long!
(Lets the air flow over him.)

Aaaah...

RICHARD

Hey, don't get weird buddy. You better behave or I'll put you in the backseat.

BELLE

(Reaches over the seat and hits the back of RICHARD's head.)

The hell you will!

ONAJE

Speed man! Speed!

RICHARD

(turns radio way up)

Alright! This is the way the damn front seat ought to be.

BELLE

Turn that goddamned thing down! And slow down!

RICHARD

Hey man, what the hell are you doing?

ONAJE

(Still from the top of the front seat of the car.)

Observing the change of this earth at a high rate of speed.

BELLE

Yeah. Okay? Just remember this. He killed people for the CIA. In Nicaragua!

RICHARD

Yeah!

ONAJE

(studies RICHARD)

Bullshit!...